

# Silent Worker.

VOL. IX.

TRENTON, N. J., DECEMBER, 1896.

NO. 4

## MILLAIS'S "HUGUENOT."

I.  
Your favorite picture rises up before me,  
Whene'er you play that tune;  
I see two figures standing in a garden  
In the still August noon.

II.  
One is a girl's with pleading face turned  
upward  
Wild with a great alarm,  
Trembling with haste, she binds her  
brodered kerchief  
Around the other's arm.

III.  
Whose gaze is bent on her in tender pity,  
Whose eyes look into hers  
With a deep meaning though she cannot  
read it,  
Hers are so dim with tears.

IV.  
What are they saying in the sunny garden,  
With Summer flowers ablow?  
What gives the woman's voice its passion-  
ate pleading;  
What makes the man's so low?

V.  
"See, love," she murmurs, "you shall  
—wear my kerchief,  
It is the badge, I know;  
And it will bear you safely through the  
conflict  
If—if indeed you go?"

VI.  
"You will not wear it? Will not wear my  
kerchief?  
Nay! Do not tell me why,  
I will not listen! If you go without it  
You will go hence to die.

VII.  
"Hush! Do not answer! It is death, I  
tell you,  
Indeed I speak the truth.  
You, standing there so full of life and  
courage,  
So bright with health and youth.

VIII.  
"You would go hence, out of the Summer  
sunshine,  
Out of the garden bloom;  
Out of the living, thinking, feeling, pre-  
sent  
Into the unknown gloom?"

IX.  
Then he makes answer. "Hush! oh, hush  
my darling!  
Life is so sweet to me,  
So full of hope you need not bid me guard  
it,  
If such a thing might be!"

X.  
"If such a thing might be—but not  
through falsehood,  
I could not come to you;  
I dare not stand here in your pure, sweet  
presence,  
Knowing myself untrue."

XI.  
"It is no sin!" the wild voice interrupts  
him,  
"This is no open strife;  
Have you not often dreamt a nobler war-  
fare  
In which to spend your life?"

XII.  
"Oh! for my sake—though but for my  
sake—wear it!  
Think what my life would be  
If you, who gave it first true worth and  
meaning  
Were taken now from me!"

XIII.  
"Think of the long, long days, so slowly  
passing!  
Think of the endless years!"

With an unshrinking heart.  
XVI.  
"Child! child! I little dreamt in that  
bright Summer  
When first your love I sought,  
Of all the future store of woe and anguish  
Which I, unknowing, wrought.

XVII.  
"But you'll forgive me? Yes, you will  
forgive me



THE HUGUENOT.  
After a Painting by Millais.

I am so young! Must I live out my life  
time  
With neither hopes nor fears?"

XIV.  
He speaks again, in mournful tones and  
tender,  
But with unswerving faith:—  
"Should not love make us braver, aye,  
and stronger  
Either for life or death?"

XV.  
"And life is hardest. Oh, my love, my  
treasure,  
If I could bear your part  
Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet  
it

I know, when I am dead!  
I would have loved you—but words have  
scant meaning  
God loves you more instead."

XVIII.  
Then there is silence in the sunny garden,  
Until, with faltering tone  
She sobs, the while still clinging closer to  
him,  
"Forgive me—go—my own!"

XIX.  
So human love, and faith by death un-  
shaken,  
Mingle their glorious psalm,  
Albeit low, until the passionate pleading  
Is hushed in deepest calm.

WRITTEN FOR THE SILENT WORKER.

## MILLAIS.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, who died recently in England, was one of the most popular and most gifted painters of the century. He was born in 1829 in the island of Jersey, where his family had been settled for more than eight hundred years, holding an honorable position among the Norman gentry of the island.

An ancestor of his, in the fifteenth century, held a valuable estate from the Count who ruled the island, on the yearly rent of "three pairs of white gloves, three hens and a fat capon, at Easter." This nominal rent indicates that the tenant was a gentleman and a good fighter, since what his lord wanted was not the gloves and the poultry, but the feudal service to which these petty payments were an acknowledgment that he was bound.

Our nineteenth century Millais showed a wonderful talent for art almost from the cradle, for when he was only five years old he produced sketches in water color which were the wonder of all who saw them.

When he was only nine years old, his father placed him in an artist's studio to learn painting, and from this point his progress was rapid. While still a boy he took all the prizes that were offered, and at the age of seventeen he exhibited his first picture at the academy.

It was a historical painting, "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru," and was highly praised by the best critics. For some years he continued to produce pictures of this class, but, although these works doubtless had high merit, the public was not attracted by them.

The first of his paintings that became widely known and popular was his "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," painted in 1849. The ghastly story is taken from Boccaccio, and has been retold in beautiful English verse by Keats. A young lady in Florence had a lover of lowly birth whom her brothers murdered, but she, with her nurse, went to where the corpse lay and took home the severed head which she placed in a bowl and, filling in with earth, set therein a plant which she watered with her tears until it bloomed with a lovely flower, called basil, which was the name of her murdered lover. In this picture Millais showed that quality which has given his pictures such a strong hold on the public, but which the "higher criticism" of art scoffs at as "anecdotalism"—the power to tell a complete story by a painting, a story of which every detail in the picture supplies a needed part. Thus, in this picture the expression of Isabella's face, her attitude, even her unconscious act of fondling a noble dog speak of her gentle, loving but inflexible nature, while other details show, on the part of the brothers, brutal curiosity, wanton cruelty or implacable hatred.

"The Hunted Royalist" is another

picture familiar to us through engravings. It represents a cavalier hid in a hollow oak, receiving food from a Puritan maiden whose hand he has seized, and is reverently kissing. The face of the man, worn with suffering and anxiety, contrasts effectively with the fresh, fair, innocent countenance of the girl, beaming with pity and perhaps with a tenderer feeling.

Millais excelled, perhaps above all, as a painter of children. Whether or not they were painted as portraits, his "Asleep," "Awake," "The First Sermon," and many other single figures of children are among the very finest interpretations of childhood at its best—beautiful, graceful, intelligent, highbred. As a portrait painter he was supremely successful, both in making good pictures and in getting good prices from them.

It was his picture entitled "A Jersey Lily" that, when exhibited in London, first drew general notice to the beautiful daughter of Canon Le Breton who had just married Mr. Edward Langtry, and the title of the portrait furnished the designation under which that fair woman became instantly famous. "Yes or No?" a lady hesitating over a letter evidently a proposal of marriage, and "No!" a lady holding a sealed letter in her hand, are two of his best known figure pieces. The former is said to have been painted from Miss Dorothy Tennent who afterwards married Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer.

But undoubtedly his master-piece, or at least the work by which he is most widely known, is the one of which we give a cut: "The Huguenot," painted in 1852. It represents the parting of two lovers on the eve of the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, in Paris, August 24th 1572. The man is a Huguenot and his sweetheart is a Catholic. She has learned the dreadful secret—that the king, Charles IX, persuaded by his mother, the infamous Catherine de Medicis, has given the order for the murder of all the Protestants, sparing not old age, infancy or womanhood, beginning at midnight. In the darkness the murderers are to distinguish their fellow Catholics by a strip of white cloth tied around the arm. She is in the act of tying her handkerchief around her lover's arm, so that the murderers will spare him, taking him for a Catholic. The Huguenot, feeling that to accept this means of escape would be dishonorable, gently pushes away her hand, resolving to meet a sudden, violent death rather than to deny his religion and his leader, even by merely putting on the badge of the enemy.

The two figures in the picture contrast finely. The tall, strong man, dark and somewhat harsh featured, yet with an expression of the tenderest love mingled with the look of firm resolve and of heroic devotion, looks the hero capable of the height of self-sacrifice; the gentleman to whom honor is dearer than life—dearer even than love; the religious enthusiast who welcomes rather than shrinks from martyrdom; the lover whose proud and sensitive nature feels with keenest appreciation "How dear were life!"

"Yet, by the mouth firm set,  
And look made up for Duty's utmost debt  
I could divine he knew  
That death within the sulphurous hostile  
lines,  
In the mere wreck of nobly pitched designs,  
Plucks heartsease and not rue."

The woman, fair, soft, clinging, loving, is of different stuff. Refinement, affection, purity are there, but one feels that she can hardly understand that noble, or foolish, scruple that repulses her loving hand.

To her it seems that he can not love her as she loves him or he would not be willing to bring upon her the desolation of perpetual widowhood.

He feels with the poet—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more."

And her failure fully to understand and to sympathize with his feeling, adds the last touch to the pathos of the situation and to the nobility of soul that can make such a sacrifice.

Another picture, the Black Brunswick, has a similar motive, but is less powerful. The husband, in the black uniform of the Brunswick corps, is parting from his wife, for the Waterloo campaign. She tries to detain him in her embrace, pushing to the door through which he is about to pass. But this picture falls decidedly below the "Huguenot" in



GROUP OF TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF THE CAPE TOWN SCHOOL.

nobility of thought and in force of expression.

Millais acquired fortune as well as fame, and lived for the last twenty years of his life, in princely style in London. He was knighted by the Queen, and was elected President of the Royal Academy. His work was not only excellent as an exhibition of genius, but it was noble and pure in sentiment.

The class in original designing have nearly completed the designs for the book cases for the Library; some of them are beautiful and the cases, which are to be done in walnut by the class in wood carving will be very handsome. A very richly carved foot stool, Byzantine style, is nearing completion as well as a clock frame, brackets, etc.

The drawing class have many beautiful scenes to sketch from the studio windows, and the new members taking their first steps toward the highway, find perspective and proportion, so they say, "Most delightful."—*Mississippi Voice*.

Subscribe for the SILENT WORKER.

#### Cape Town School for the Deaf and Dumb, South Africa.

THROUGH the courtesy of the *British Deaf-Mute*, we are able this month to present to the readers of the SILENT WORKER a group of teachers and pupils of the Cape Town Catholic School for the Deaf and Dumb, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa.

There are three schools for the deaf and dumb in South Africa, one being at Worcester, Cape Colony, of which Mr. B. J. G. Labot is the principal. Both English and Dutch are taught in this school, and the oral method of instruction is followed. The second is a part of the Convent Mission School there. The third is at Cape Town, and is a department of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Convent School. Government aid is given to each of these small schools.

The Cape Town school was opened in 1873 with an attendance of two boys and one girl. The teacher who was put in charge was herself a deaf-mute and through her earnest devotion the pupils were much benefited.

spected—as are also all the teachers of the school, both by former and present pupils—is only to be expected.

It will be noticed by a glance that there is but one native mute in the group we present to our readers, yet there must be a large number of native deaf-mutes in South Africa who are not receiving the benefits of education. Surely, if it is considered right to give Government aid to private schools where the majority of the pupils are the children of Europeans, the Government should also provide schools for the native deaf-mute children.

#### DEAF AND DUMB PIGS.

Success has not turned the head of Frank Daniels. He is, off stage, the same companionable Old Sport of "A Rag Baby" that we all knew years ago. "No doubt you have read," said he, "of that wonderful farm of mine up at Rye, N. Y., where our press agent has located horses that climb trees, a rooster that drink, hens that talk back, and all sorts of strange creatures. It seemed all winter, during our long run at the Casino, that I could not pick up a paper without reading of some acquisition to my live stock, of which I knew nothing, and I was kept guessing, to use a popular phrase, as to what was coming next. "But as a matter of fact, though many of these stories were only the creations of our press agent's imagination, I have a real curiosity up on that farm that should be spoken of. It is a drove of deaf and dumb pigs. Absolute deaf-mutes, you know. Not that pigs are under ordinary circumstances what you would call loquacious, but they can talk, pig-fashion, as any one knows who ever had anything to do with them. But these pigs of mine, poor things! are absolutely dumb to all entreaties and deaf to persuasion.

"I discovered it when, one day, I went out to feed them and dropped a pailful of food into their trough. None of them was looking, nor did the dumping of the food make them turn around. I whistled, called them by their names, but it did no good, and I had to hit them on their side to make them turn around. I thought something was the matter, and was not surprised when a veterinary who was attending to one of my horses told me they were deaf and dumb.

"Now, here comes the strange part of it. You know, of course, what a power of expression lies in a pig's tail. How it curls this way for anger and that way for joy, and wiggles with the tress of the various emotions. Well, what do you think? In a few weeks I began to notice that the pigs would come around to the side of the pen where any one stood, and one old fellow, whom I called Bond Syndicate, because he always tried to get everything, would begin to wiggle his tail in the strangest fashion. He would stick it out straight, curl it, crook it, wave it and put it through all sorts of motions. I watched him, and what was my surprise to see that he was actually talking to me in the deaf and dumb alphabet of finger signs. Yet, sir; he was. I know it seems a pretty hard story; but it's true as—anything else about my farm. The only queer thing is, how did that pig learn to spell?"—*Hartford Post*.

—The deaf of Mississippi are contributing to a Fund for a monument to the memory of Prof. W. L. Saunders, who was accidentally shot last Christmas eve. So far over \$108. has been contributed.



Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

## THE NAVY.

## The Modern Cruiser Compared with an Old-time Frigate.

THE SILENT WORKER believes that war is wicked and barbarous. It hopes for the time, foretold by the prophet, when "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together" in peace. But that time hasn't come yet, and that harmonious lying-down act is likely to be performed only when the lamb is inside of the lion. Nowadays, people who want peace must be ready to fight for it. That is the reason that a peaceable nation like the United States has a navy and our readers will like to get some facts about it.

When the writer of this was young (and he is not yet "the oldest man that ever wore gray hair") the most formidable warships were the old hundred gun three-deckers in which Nelson and Collingwood and Rodney whipped the Frenchmen and the Spaniards and all the rest of naval creation that would put up a fight for them.

As far as beauty and majesty of appearance goes, nothing that ever floated before or since could equal one of these line-of-battle ships. It was a real floating city, of more than a thousand men, every one trained to do his own duty with the swiftness and the exactness of a machine. To see such a ship rushing down the wind ready for action with the foam piled up at her bow—carrying a bone in her mouth as sailors say—with acres of snowy canvas spread aloft, her masts and deck scraped and scrubbed almost as white as her sails, her brass work glittering in the sun, the gold-laced captain on the quarter-deck, the boat-swain with his shrill whistle piping out the orders and the hardy blue jackets in answer swarming as active as cats into the rigging or to their stations below, with her three long rows of cannon rising one above another, one would think that in this class of war-ship the perfection of naval power had been reached.

The United States never had a three-decked ship of the line in action. The glories of our two wars with Great Britain were won by smaller ships—the double-decked frigates or the still smaller sloops of war. The finest, or at least the best known of these old "wooden walls," was the famous Constitution, "Old Ironsides," as she was affectionately called. She was, perhaps, at her best in 1814, when, under the command of Capt. Stewart, the grandfather of the famous Irish statesman Charles Stewart Parnell, she out-sailed, out-maneuvred, out-fought, and captured the two fine ships Cyane and Levant. In that fight she carried fifty-one guns, twenty 32 pounders and thirty-one 24 pounders, so that the total weight of shot she could throw from all her guns was 1384 pounds. But as her guns were all mounted in broadside, of course only half of them could be fired at the same target. She carried 464 officers and men. In our modern navy, the vessels that correspond to these frigates are the cruisers, such as the Chicago of which we give a cut with this article, and it will be interesting to compare a modern cruiser with an old-time frigate.

The cruiser carries about four eight-inch and four six-inch guns with a varying number of light "rapid fire" guns of calibres from one pound to twelve pounds. The guns of the old frigate were made of cast-iron and fired spherical balls of the same material. The modern guns are of

steel and are made enormously strong by thick "jackets" and bands of the same which are accurately bored to fit over the tube, are slipped on while red hot and in cooling shrink on as tight as if they made one solid piece with it.

The projectile is also made of steel and is about three times as long as its own diameter, pointed at the end. The weight of the solid round shot of the old style is, roughly, equal to the cube, in pounds, of half its diameter in inches. Thus a six-inch gun throws a ball weighing  $(3 \times 3 \times 3) = 27$  lbs. Really, it is a little more—about 28 pounds. The projectile for a modern six inch rifle weighs about three and a half times as much, or, say, 100 pounds, and an eight-inch shot weighs 250 pounds. It will be seen that this shot is nearly eight times as heavy as the largest of the Constitution's bat-

tle-ships' sides is very expensive, costing several hundred dollars a ton, while common steel costs only twenty. It is made so hard that it will scratch glass like a diamond, and the hardest shot will break to pieces on striking it. Lately, however, an American inventor has found a way to pierce a ten-inch plate of this armor. Curiously enough, he did it by putting a small cap of soft steel on the point of the hard steel shot. This reminds one of the action of the sand-blast, which some of us have seen at work. A stream of sand is blown with great force against a surface of granite and cuts into it like a knife into cheese, but the part that is not to be cut is protected by a layer of tissue paper, which the sand cannot cut.

The guns are enormously long, usually forty diameters of the shot.



U. S. CRUISER COLUMBIA.

tery, and it is fired with at least twice the velocity, and therefore with four times the striking force, weight for weight, of the former. This single shot will strike a harder blow by half than all twenty-five shots of the Constitution's broadside together. Then, too, these guns can be moved so as to point ahead or on either side or astern. The light guns are placed, some of them, in the "military tops" on the masts as shown in the picture, and as they can fire as many as fifteen shots in a minute, it is easy to see that they could rake an enemy's deck so that no man could live there a minute.

The modern battle-ship is protected on her sides by steel armor from six to sixteen inches thick, but the cruiser's sides are of steel only about two inches thick, through which heavy shots will go as if it were paper. Some cruisers have a narrow belt of armor amidship near the water-line to protect the engines. Inside of this shell, however, is a layer of pith, from the inside of corn-stalks, which when an enemy's shot passes through and lets in the water, swells with the wet and stops up the hole. The armor for

Thus, a six-inch gun would be twenty feet long. The powder is made in grains as large as English walnuts, so it will burn slowly and so keep up a high pressure on the shot all the time it is passing the length of the barrel.

Although the guns are so much heavier, it takes fewer men to handle the modern ship than the old frigate. Steam engines weigh the anchor, handle the guns, carry the ammunition and turn the rudder.

The aiming and firing of the guns is the most wonderful part of all. The old way was to guess when the enemy was about near enough, wait till your own ship was about level and then touch the lighted linstock to your gun. If the waves were running high your shot might go over the top of his mast or it might strike the water before it was half way and bound off at an angle. It is almost impossible at sea to judge whether an object is a mile or a half mile away. On the modern warship the finding of the enemy's distance, the aiming and the discharge of the guns are all done automatically and with mathematical accuracy by mechanism of almost

superhuman ingenuity. A sailor is posted in each of the two "tops," or circular towers on the masts, each with a spy glass which he has to keep constantly trained on the enemy. These spy-glasses are connected by a wire which is also connected with an instrument below the deck, where an officer sits watching the pointer move on the dial. An electric current passing through the wire varying in resistance according to the angle at which the two spy-glasses are pointed at any moment, moves a pointer on a dial which shows in yards the distance of the object at which they are pointed. Meanwhile the gunners have their loaded guns trained on the enemy, at the elevation which will strike him at the water's edge if fired when he is, say, 2000 yards away. Presently the officer at the instrument we spoke of sees that the dial points to 2000. He presses on a telegraphic key at his side and the electric current flashes to the gun. But at the instant the ship is rolling heavily and the shot, if discharged, would fly heavenward or would be sent into the ocean. By a clever device, the current is prevented from reaching the powder until the ship is on a level keel, but at that instant contact is made and the charge is ignited and the tremendous missile flies to its mark more than a mile away as accurately as if gun and target were on solid land.

The cost of these ships is in proportion to their efficiency. The old frigate cost about \$150,000. The modern cruiser costs about three millions, without her armament which is expensive in proportion. Many people who would like us to have a big army and navy like the great Powers of Europe, do not stop to think that this means taking so much taxes as would grind our working men's wages down to the European level.

We don't want a navy for glory; the American navy has glory "to burn"; its record for skill and daring can never be, as it never has been, surpassed. We earnestly hope that we may never have a naval force strong enough to attack another powerful nation, but we hope we may always have enough to make another nation hesitate to attack us without cause.

W. J.

## WORK!

You must be sure of two things: you must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it wanting your play to begin. And the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work, and think it would be more honorable to you to be doing something else. You must have a pride in your own work and in learning to do it well, and not be always saying, there's this and there's that if I had this or that to do, I might make something of it." —George Eliot.

"Get leave to work."

In this world—'tis the best you get at all: For God in cursing, gives us better gifts Than men in benediction; God says "Sweat For foreheads," men say Crowns and so we are crowned, Ay, gnashed by some tormenting circle of steel

Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work, get work;

Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get!" —Mrs. Browning.

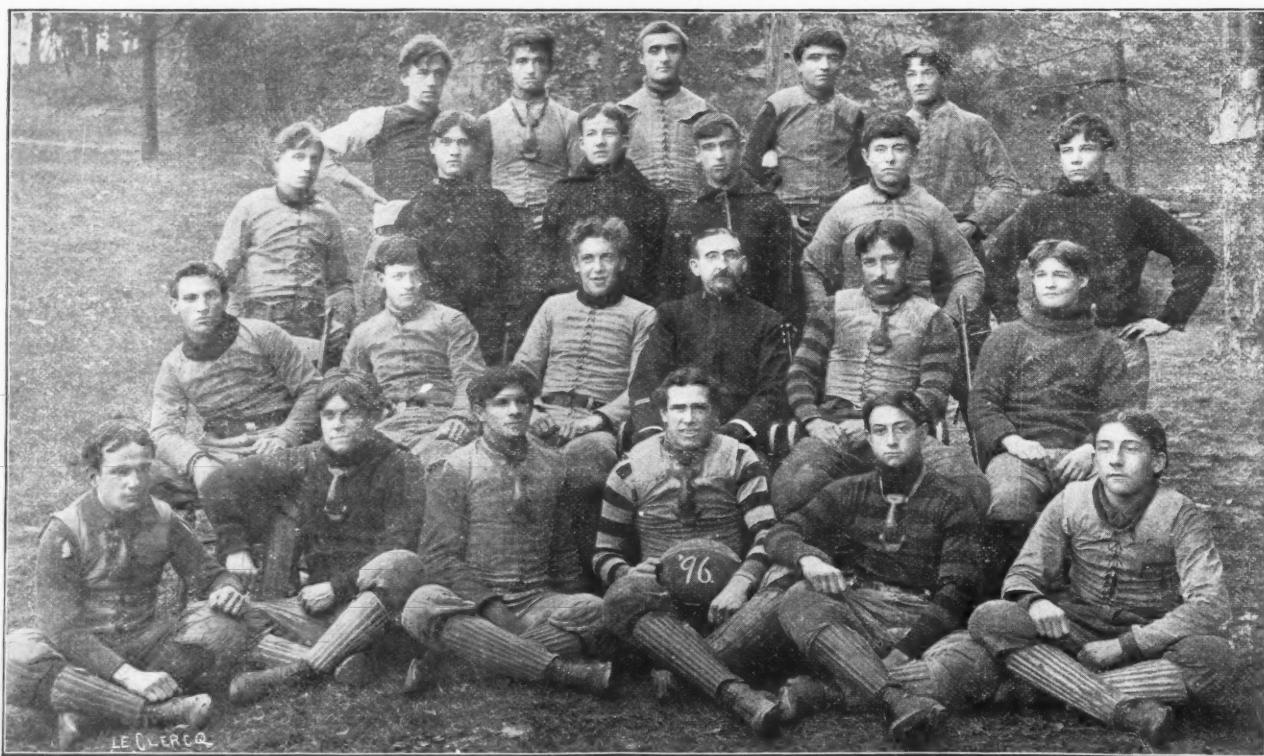
"Let us be content, in work. To do the thing we can, and not presume To fret because it's little."

—Mrs. Browning.

"Taste the joy That springs from Labor."

—Longfellow.

## "Fanwood" Foot-ball Team of New York City.



Muench, R. E. Prinsinzing, C. Izquierdo, R. H. B. McVea, I. G. Capt. Moeslein, sub. Reiff, sub. Photo by Douglas.  
 Marks, L. E. Kiernan, R. T. Milier, R. G. Fox, Manager. Cook, F. B. Hannan, sub.  
 Mayer, sub. Keiser, sub. Rappholdt, sub. Orman, sub. Burke, sub. Suk, sub.  
 Beck, sub. Bachman, L. H. B. Konkel, R. G. sub. Avens, L. T. Ellis, Q. B.

## FANWOOD FOOT-BALL TEAM.

IN the fall of '95, a team had been selected and was in training when, on account of a series of accidents, further practice was prohibited by the Principal, and the team disbanded. Consequently no record was made.

During the season just closed we have played with College and School teams exclusively.

Owing to the ease with which we defeated two prominent school teams early in the season, we had some difficulty in arranging games with other schools. We were, therefore, obliged to tackle College teams and met with varying success.

We have at length, however, reached the goal for which the management has been working for years,—admission to the Inter-Scholastic League of New York city, composed

of the leading Preparatory Schools. This will afford us an opportunity to meet teams of our own class, and insures participation in athletic contests with young men who are in all respects desirable associates for our advanced pupils. In conclusion, the team of '96 is one of the finest the school has ever turned out, and their team work has won the praise of many prominent coaches. The Statistics of the team are here given.

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX,  
Manager.

## RECORD OF GAMES FOR '96

\*October 8, at Mt. Morris.

Fanwood.....	40
Barnard School.....	0

October 17, at Fanwood.

College of New York.....	0
Fanwood.....	0

\*October 24, at Mt. Morris.

Fanwood.....	12
Barnard School.....	0

October 28, at Jasper Oval.

Manhattan College.....	6
Fanwood.....	0

October 31, at Columbia Oval.

Fanwood.....	26
Cutler School.....	0

November 3, at Berkeley Oval.

Fanwood.....	54
Lexington School.....	0

\*November 13, at Fanwood.

Fanwood.....	
De La Salle Institute.....	

November 14, at Ohio Field.

University of New York.....	24
Fanwood.....	0

\*\*November 20, at Jasper Oval.

Manhattan College.....	24
Fanwood.....	0

November 28, at Berkeley Oval

Fanwood.....	8
College of New York.....	0

\*Practice Games.

† One game forfeited to Fanwood by Berkeley School.

\*\*Result disputed and game forfeited.

## N. J. D. M. A. C. Foot-ball Team of Trenton.

THE boys of the school have all had a lively interest in the game from the largest down to the latest arrival. But at the beginning of the foot ball season it was found that four men of the last year's team had not returned and only one new one came who could play in their place, so that it was difficult to make up a good team. This could only be done by taking outsiders, and these while being good men,

## STATISTICS OF THE FANWOOD TEAM.

PLAYERS.	Pos.	Weight	Height	Chest Measure	Games.	Goals.	Touched.	Points.	RESIDENCE.
M. Marks.....	L. E.	135	5-5½	35	6	0	0	0	....New York City.
J. Avens.....	L. T.	155	5-10	36.2	10	0	1	4	....Brooklyn, N. Y.
C. Allen.....	L. G.	170	5-9½	42	8	0	4	16	....Trenton, N. J.
H. Prinsinzing.....	C.	168	5-6	39	8	0	1	4	....New York City.
R. McVea.....	R. G.	158	5-9	38.5	7	0	4	16	....New York City.
P. Kiernan.....	R. T.	147	5-8	36	6½	13	0	0	....New York City.
H. Muench.....	R. E.	132	5-4	36.5	8	0	2	8	....Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. Ellis.....	Q. B.	125	5-7	32	10	0	0	0	....Walden, N. Y.
F. Bachman.....	L. H. B.	140	5-9	36.5	10	12	0	24	....New York City.
A. Izquierdo.....	R. H. B.	147	5-6	38	9½	0	10	40	Caracas, S. America
T. G. Cook.....	F. B.	157	5-9½	40	10	0	7	28	....New York City.

## SUBSTITUTES.

E. Moeslein.....	H. B.	140	5-5	36.5	2	0	0	0	....Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. Rappholdt.....	End	140	5-8	36	0	0	0	0	....New York City.
A. Reiff.....	End	135	5-6	36.1	21½	0	0	0	....Brooklyn, N. Y.
W. Konkel.....	guard	150	5-11	36.3	1½	0	0	0	....New York City.
E. Mayer.....	guard	155	5-8	37	0	0	0	0	....Astoria, L. I.
T. Orman.....	T.	135	5-6	35	0	0	0	0	....Newburgh, N. Y.

CAPTAIN—R. McVea, R. G.

REFEREE—Mr. Edward Miller.

COLORS—Light Blue and Gold.

Total Points, 140.

Opponents, 54.

## STATISTICS OF THE N. J. D. M. A. C. FOOT-BALL TEAM.

PLAYERS.	Position.	Weight	Height	Chest Measure	Games.	Goals.	Touched.	Points.	RESIDENCE.
M. S. Hunt.....	L. E.	130	5-5½	32	2	0	0	0	Lambertville, N. J.
G. Morris.....	L. T.	146	5-6½	34	2	0	0	0	....Newark, N. J.
R. Weigand.....	L. G.	150	5-5	36	2	0	0	0	....Trenton, N. J.
J. Innis.....	C.	170	5-8½	40	1	0	0	0	....Trenton, N. J.
B. Sharp.....	R. G.	145	5-7	36	2	0	0	0	....Camden, N. J.
J. Bessman.....	R. T.	142	5-4½	34	2	0	0	0	....Carmel, N. J.
J. Brian.....	R. E.	156	5-6	36	2	0	0	0	....Trenton, N. J.
C. Casella.....	Q. B.	136	5-6	32	1	0	0	0	....Newark, N. J.
W. Gallagher.....	L. H. B.	152	5-10	34	2	0	0	0	....Paterson, N. J.
C. Donovan.....	R. H. B.	146	5-6	34	2	0	0	0	....Trenton, N. J.
D. McGarry.....	F. B.	145	5-4½	34	2	0	0	0	....Tenafly, N. J.

## SUBSTITUTES.

F. Wilson.....	C.	136	5-10½	34	1	0	0	0	Middletown, N. J.
R. Winders.....		123	5-6½	32	1	0	0	0	Lawrence Sta., N. J.
W. Jenkins, Jr.....	Q. B.	121½	5-4½	32	1	0	0	0	....Trenton, N. J.
A. Kroenberger.....		120	5-4	32	0	0	0	0	Pedricktown, N. J.

CAPTAIN—Marvin S. Hunt.

REFEREE—L. R. Abbott, Manager.

LINESMAN or TIME-KEEPER—Mr. McCrossan.

COLORS—Blue and Gray.



lacked necessary team drill, and the playing was done at great disadvantage, so the boys were somewhat discouraged.

Marvin S. Hunt was elected captain, and L. R. Abbott as manger of the team.

Some paraphernalia was needed, and to obtain it a magic lantern entertainment was given and proved quite a success, netting more than enough to get all that was needed. The boys worked well for it, and were highly pleased with their success.

The game with the Hamilton Athletic Club, resulted in a tie, 6 to 6. It was a vigorous and well played game throughout. The game with the Nitz A. C. resulted in a defeat for the Mutes, by the score of 6 to 0. Several other games would have been played if the boys had not been short of the number of men required.

The second team with Krokenberger as captain, played a number of games and did very well, and by another year will make up a good first team.

Nor should we forget the third team with Jackson as captain, for they are learning, and in spite of the fouls they make will soon know the game. They furnished considerable amusement for the onlookers.

The only mishaps have been two noses temporarily enlarged.

The following is the record for

1895.

October 26.

Model School. . . . .	0
N. J. D. M. A. C. . . . .	6

November 2.

Christ Church Guild. . . . .	0
N. J. D. M. A. C. . . . .	0

November 14.

Model School. . . . .	16
N. J. D. M. A. C. . . . .	0

November 23.

Christ Church Guild. . . . .	4
N. J. D. M. A. C. . . . .	6

November 26.

Christ Church Guild. . . . .	0
N. J. D. M. A. C. . . . .	12

WRITTEN FOR THE SILENT WORKER.

#### DEAF-MUTES AS FOOT-BALL PLAYERS.

BY T. G. COOK, PHYSICAL DIRECTOR, AT THE "FANWOOD" SCHOOL.

IN writing upon this most popular subject, especially at this season, I will endeavor to demonstrate the ability and characteristics shown by the deaf-mute when playing the Ideal American game, and if you will pardon apparent partisanship, will use the Fanwood team as an illustration.

I have found by personal contact with the deaf as foot-ball players that they show an unparalleled fearlessness, are steady and conscientious in their work, and are just brimful of enthusiasm and love for the game. They play hard, fast ball, and, as I said before, know not the meaning of the word fear. They play the game for the mere love of the sport and the healthful exercise attained.

When playing match games they treat their opponents with all the respect which the love of fair play demands, and have not as, I am sorry to say, some of our large universities have done this season, acted in a way that is entirely foreign to the good results derived from a square honest game.

Before I go into details, I desire to say a good word in reference to what is, to my mind, the grandest game ever played. Personally, I have played foot-ball for the last twelve years and it has done me more good, mentally, physically and morally than any other sport I have ever participated

in, and to this day I enjoy nothing better than a glorious struggle with the pig-skin on the gridiron. There is no game that will develop manly qualities like foot-ball. It teaches self control, absolute fearlessness and especially develops that trait commonly called *sand* to an unlimited extent. The one great objection to the game, its roughness, is greatly exaggerated. We have not had a serious accident at Fanwood since I have been here, and this is due largely to the fact of the team all having the benefits of steady gymnastic training. So a word to the wise. If you desire to have your men stand the steady demands of foot-ball training, see that they are in condition physically, and accidents will be few. In this article I have asked several questions and will endeavor to answer them, namely,

1. Are Deaf-mutes as proficient in the game as others?
2. Do they display a scientific knowledge of the technical rulings of the game?
3. Are they rough as players?
4. Is their deafness a handicap?
5. Benefits derived, mental, physical and moral?

Beginning with question No. 1, I would say that the records of Gallaudet College, Mt. Airy, and Fanwood teams, are the best answer to this.

Gallaudet has lost but very few games. Mt. Airy has a number of victories to her credit, and Fanwood has only lost three games this season. Therefore, I think the deaf are not only as proficient, as but more so than other teams. As in games with hearing teams they have shown their superiority.

Right along this same line comes question No. 2. My attention was forcibly called to this in a recent game between two deaf-mute teams. The knowledge of technical rulings shown was remarkable. There was no horse play in the line, very little off-side or

holding, and no slugging whatever. The game, although hotly contested, was wonderfully clean, and there was no time lost wrangling with the officials over decisions, and I am sure had some of the people who say, "Oh! those deaf boys play such a fierce game," witnessed said game, their opinion would have been suddenly changed, and they would say in answer to question No. 3, as several Captains have remarked to me after a game with our boys this season, "Well, Mr. Cook, we expected to be slugged to-day in great shape, but we were agreeably disappointed, although your boys play hard and tackle fiercely, they are the cleanest team we have ever met." In answer to this question. Are they rough as players? Yes, but not with the roughness seen so often in match games. They play fearlessly, tackle hard and use that necessary roughness that is essential to a good player but not the brutal methods so often seen. Almost universally you hear spectators at our games say, "I am so sorry they cannot hear, what a handicap to labor under!" and answering question No. 4, "Is deafness a handicap?" I will answer it as the Yankee usually does by asking another. Is it? If so, how? I will say that instead of a handicap it is a decided aid to our playing. In these days of skillful playing and knowledge of the game, a hearing team will take about three times as long to line up and call their signals as we do, because they have to call several numbers known as fakes to fool the opposing team. With the deaf this is not necessary. As a friend said to me, who recently watched our practice, "You have the queerest and fastest set of signals I have ever seen." He said, "you line up, wiggle one or two fingers and away you go." Therefore by using a simple code we have very fast team work, and that has been the secret of our success this year, rapidly lining up and forming the play before the opposing team are ready. So that I think in football at any rate, deafness is a blessing rather than a misfortune.

Question No. 5. Benefits of the game?

Mentally, development of self control, curbing of temper, faculty of moving and thinking quickly, knowing what to do on the spur of the moment.

Physically, Development of all the muscles of the body, strengthening of the internal organs, broadening and expanding of chest, etc., from the exercise in the pure air.

Morally, Using up of all superfluous vitality. The level grading of the nature caused by the strict attention required to master the game. No time for idle thoughts on other subjects, and above all the strength and depth of character developed by the combining of these three sides of a man's nature. A basis of mental, physical and moral manhood, that in after years when a man needs all the energy attainable, he can say, the success in life and strength of character he has is largely owing to the training received when he was a foot-ball player on his old Varsity team.

Lay the rough paths of peevish nature even.  
And open in each heart a little heaven.

—Prior.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.—Ruskin.

#### N. J. Deaf Mute A. C. Football Team of Trenton.



Innis, C.      Wilson, sub.      McCrossan, sub.      Morris, L. T.      Gallagher, R. H. B.      Photo. by Douglas.  
Abbott, Manager.      Sharp, R. G.      Hunt, L. E. Capt.      Weigand, L. G.      Brian, R. E.      McGarry, F. B.  
Bessman, R. T.      Donovan, L. H. B.      Cascella, Q. B.

## The Garden

**W**E gardeners, amateur and professional, have always plumed ourselves on the antiquity of our business, which dates back to the time when the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and placed the man in it to till it.

The great Lord Bacon, "Francis of Verulam," among other wise things, "thought out this"—"God Almighty first planted a garden, and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures."

Lord Tennyson speaks of our first parents as "the grand old gardener and his wife."

But we Americans may take pride in claiming as our grand old gardener a nobler than Adam.

Our readers will excuse us for referring to the familiar anecdote of the patriotic Sunday-school boy who being catechized: "Who was the first man?" started off promptly, "George Washington—he was first in war, first"—but on being reminded of Adam's claim to the title of first man, replied grudgingly: "Well, if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."

So, while "foreigners," like Baron Verulam and Baron Tennyson and Mr. John Milton, have celebrated Adam as the great gardener, we Americans think the profession much more highly honored by the following sentiment from the Father of his Country.

Writing, after the Revolution, to Arthur Young, the celebrated English traveller and agricultural author, Washington says: "The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs, the better pleased I am with them; insomuch that I can, nowhere find so great satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vain glory which can be derived from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests."

Washington, indeed, was a model farmer, a hundred years ahead of his times. He kept accurate accounts with all branches of his business, he devised a system of rotation of crops and made every thing possible into manure, thus keeping up the fertility of the soil, he invented the first sub-soil plough and by careful selection developed a superior variety of wheat.

That he was fond also of the flower-garden we may believe from the space devoted to that purpose on his Mount Vernon estate, as well as from the fact (if it be a fact) that he originated the ever-blooming climbing rose, still prized as a trellis plant, named by him Mary Washington, in honor of his mother.

It would have been well if his example had been more closely followed in his own noble state. There would not then have been so many desolate "old fields," grown up with straggling pines, such as those who have campaigned through tide-water Virginia will remember.

The truth is that farming and farmers are suffering from the misconception that agriculture is a pursuit requiring little intelligence.

On the contrary, successful farming is a liberal profession, not inferior to that of medicine—in fact quite resembling it.

Both professions deal with the processes of life—vegetable life in one case, animal life in the other,

Both aim to promote healthy and normal growth and to check disease.

The practice of both is based on the principles of chemistry and physics. Both the farmer and the surgeon have much hard and disagreeable work to do. The farmer has more of it, but the surgeon's is the harder and the more disagreeable. The average American farmer learns in a rough way how to manure his land and to feed his cattle by avoiding plans which he has found to result in failure. The Chinese surgeon learns where not to cut in a surgical operation by avoiding the places marked with pins in his manikin. (For ages, when they have cut a man and it killed him, they have stuck a pin into the manikin in the fatal place.) But the scientific surgeon studies anatomy to learn the course of the arteries, and the scientific farmer studies chemistry and physiology to

grass that pricked through the soil, and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Better than a shopful of toys they were to me! Whence came their color? How did they draw their sweet, refreshing color from the brown earth, or the limpid air, or the white light? Chemistry was not at hand to answer me, and all her wisdom would not have dispelled the wonder. Later, the little scarlet pimpernel charmed me. It seemed more than a flower, it was like a human being. It was so much wiser than I, for when the sky was yet without a cloud, softly it clasped its small red petals together, folding its golden heart in safety from the shower that was sure to come. How could it know so much?

She appreciates one friend of the gardener, spoken of in a former number of the SILENT WORKER.

"You would have wondered to see

But "it is a far cry" from Christmas snows to the beauties of a summer garden; we may freshen up our homes, this frosty weather, by at least a few flowers and foliage plants, to remind us of what the warm weather will bring us.

The cut accompanying this article show the *Peperomia argyrea*, a plant which thrives in a sunny window and whose beauty consists in its abundant foliage which is beautifully variegated. For the engraving we are indebted to Messrs. Pitcher & Manda of Short Hills, N. J.

We are sorry to learn that this house has become embarrassed, and is now in the hands of a receiver.

Mr. John N. May, who has been appointed to that position, is conducting the business with energy, and we hope he will succeed in restoring it to its former high rank in the floral world.

AN AMATEUR.



PEPEROMIA ARGYREA.

learn how to feed his crops and his animals.

Jenner is justly honored for his discovery of vaccination, but Bakewell who studied the principles of breeding and produced the short-horn cow, and Lewes who at his farm at Rothamstead worked out by experiments continued through a whole generation the problem of wheat-raising, have done no less a work. For if it be praiseworthy to save one life in a hundred which else would have been sacrificed to the small-pox, it is no less praiseworthy to provide better and more plentiful beef and bread for the ninety and nine who would not have died from small-pox.

For the pure love of Nature, the joy in every living thing, like that which lifted the curse from the heart of the Ancient Mariner, nothing that I have read is equal to the charming letters of Celia Thaxter—an American less widely known than George Washington but an equally sound, wholesome nature. "I remember," she says, "in the spring, kneeling on the ground to seek the first blades of

the box of toads which came for me night before last. Ninety toads all wired over in a box. If there's one thing I adore more than another it's a toad! They eat every bug in the garden. [In France] it is quite an industry catching toads and selling them to gardeners; did you know it? I have only just found it out."

The garden of flowers which her skill and perseverance and sympathy coax into splendid bloom in the forbidding climate and scanty soil of her home on the Isles of Shoals was a wonder to all visitors. It is with no small pride that the writer sees her list to agree so closely with the names recommended in this paper.

"I am sure you will have tulips and peonies, and lilies of all kinds, and don't forget the heavenly perennial larkspurs—the divinest azure, rose and saffron tints—and sunflowers and holly-hocks and single dahlias (superb); perennial phloxes, especially the pure white and the rose color; Hydrangea grandiflora, and the tall Japanese anemones that are heavenly beautiful."

### Why is It?

Why is it that bicycle paths run parallel with and within a few inches of nearly all trolley tracks on dirt roads? The hearing person is warned when a car is rumbling along, but the deaf man has to abandon the dangerous path or take his life in his own hands. Even if a bicyclist can hear the approaching car there is danger of wabbling off the narrow path onto the trolley track. I have tried to find a good reason why bicyclists insist in riding so close to the tracks, but in vain. Will someone enlighten me.

A DEAF CYCLIST.

### Things Are Not What They Seem.

You cannot weigh grammes with a gram-mar.  
Nor sugar-cure hams with a hammer;  
Do sums with a summer,  
Stew plums with a plumber,  
Nor shear an old ram with a rammer.

"Things are pretty quiet from what I hear," said the deaf man.—*Ex.*





THE STOOKS.

Lord, here I stand,  
The reapers gone their ways,  
No sound in all the land;  
Left to the silent days,  
The slant, thin rains,  
That even now  
File up the deserted lanes,  
And blacken fence and bough.

To grow is sweet,  
If that be thy will;  
But if for me more meet  
To die, I serve thee still;  
Serving, I win Harvests there be  
Engathered not for barn or bin;  
And such is this far me.

Was it for this  
I cleft the April clod?  
Burst the gray chrysalis,  
A generous ripening rod?  
Heaped store of corn,  
Golden and strong  
Against the harvest morn,  
The Winter still and long?

## LOCAL NEWS.

—Our locals were crowded out of last issue for want of room.

—The pupils in the wood-working department are making rapid progress. This reflects credit on their instructor, Mr. Abbott.

—The Library of the school has been increased by the addition of a good many new books. Librarian Lloyd has consequently been very busy.

—Prof. Lloyd is a member of the Pillsbury Correspondence Chess Association and is taking part in a tournament for prizes. He has four games on his hands, all with experts.

—Harry Smith, a former pupil of this school, who has a situation in a printing office in this city, had a day off on November 2nd, the day of the opening of the hunting season and went home to enjoy a day's sport with the cotton-tails. He returned on Thursday, having bagged 14 rabbits and 3 quail.

—Can anything be more pitiable than a woman thirty-six years old, deaf and dumb and uneducated? And yet there is such a person living in this city within two miles of this school. Had her parents and relatives known there was such a thing as a school for the deaf in this city, she would have entered our school thirteen years ago, and be able to read and write and enjoy the company of others similarly afflicted.

—Some of our pupils attended a stereopticon lecture given on the 18th of last month at Bethany church, by a native Armenian, who is a student at Princeton Theological Seminary. He spoke English fluently, and gave a thrilling account of the dreadful cruelties of the Turks to his country-

men. The pupils were much interested and stopped after the lecture to express their sympathy with his people.

—A friend of ours, living in another part of the state once said to us: "Trenton must be a very wicked place; I am always reading of a murder or a suicide or some horrid thing happening there." A sad event which happened not far from our school was the suicide of a young and beautiful woman by shooting, on Sunday the 21st instant. She had taken pains to remove all marks by which she could be identified from her clothing. She was evidently from some refined and comfortable home.

—Fred W. Weiss and Miss Mary Nissor, both German deaf-mutes of this city, were married on the 17th inst. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Salter, Mr. and Mrs. Garrison, Francis Purcell and Harry Lovelless. Both attended a school for the deaf in Germany and only became acquainted about four weeks ago. Mr. Weiss is a shoemaker by trade, by which he makes a comfortable living. Miss Nissor has been employed for some time at Vollmer's hotel near the school, and she is said to be an excellent cook. Good luck to them.

—The pupils will not have their annual Christmas vacation this year. While there may be some dissatisfaction among parents and pupils, it can not be denied that the decree is a wise and just one. It not unfrequently happens that a pupil, in going home during a time when there is so much sickness, is exposed to contagious disease of some kind, which he or she is likely to bring back to school and spread among other pupils. When this happens, it is very difficult to check the epidemic, and a setback to school work follows, causing untold trouble. To keep them away from such dangers is a precaution worthy of

commendation, which should receive the indorsement of all parents.

## A Deaf Inventor

The *National Recorder*, an inventor's paper of Washington, D. C., on November 21, published a portrait of Mr. J. F. Arnot, and spoke as follows of an invention which he has patented:

"Mr. J. F. Arnot, of Delphi, Ind., has been awarded a Weddeburn medal on his carpet fastener. Mr. Arnot is now forty-three years old. He was raised on a farm, and, being born deaf, was educated at the Indiana Institution for the Deaf, at Indianapolis. Up to the last six years he has been employed as a farmer since boyhood. He writes, 'Having to give up this occupation, my mind turned toward patents, which would be more congenial work than laboring with my hands. My first idea was the carpet-fastener.' This is an invention which will be gratefully received by the women of our land, for it does away with the old way of putting down carpets by means of tacks, and is an ornament besides. It is to be hoped that Mr. Arnot will continue in the line of inventions, as he has done such good work on his first attempt. His device is very simple, and can be manufactured with very little expense."

## The New Jersey Library Association.

The New Jersey Library Association met on the 28th ult., in the Free Public Building at Bayonne. Mr. Alfred C. Hertzog of Bayonne presided, and gave an interesting account of the meeting of the American Library Association at Cleveland in August last.

Miss Winsor, of Newark, then read a paper upon "Libraries and Music," in which she advocated the placing of musical scores in libraries whose constituents desire the same. This scheme has worked well in Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Providence, and other cities. The common opinion seemed to be that it is necessary to specialize in libraries to a certain extent, but that this should be done with prudence, and should not be carried too far.

It was thought best to hold the next meeting in some place not hitherto visited by the Association, since the object is to interest the whole state.

The bill to establish a Library commission (passed by the Senate and Assembly last winter) not having become a law, a committee was appointed to endeavor to secure the enactment of some such law during the coming winter. The committee consists of Morris H. Stratton, of Salem; Ernest C. Richardson, of Princeton; George F. Winchester, of Paterson; Beatrice Winsor, of Newark, and John Bodine Thompson, of Trenton.

Officers for the ensuing year are John Bodine Thompson, *President*; Morris H. Stratton, J. C. Kimball, and Esther E. Burdick, *Vice-Presidents*; Beatrice Winsor, *Secrtray*; Emma L. Adams, *Treasurer*.

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Cole-ridge*.

One of the original tendencies of the human mind, fundamental and universal, is the love of other people's private affairs.—*Beecher*.

## Bits Of Science.

BY RANALD DOUGLAS.

## STEAM.

**H**ORSE-POWER, when applied to a steam engine means, that the engine, when at its best, exerts a power equal to that given by an extra strong horse. A small engine, such as is used for running light machinery, is generally of from one to five horse-power, while the combined power of the engines in one of Uncle Sam's large cruisers, is reckoned at eleven thousand horse-power.

I once read the following anecdote which will bear repeating. Away back in those troublous times of the civil war, there was a certain worthy wight who had a pull with the Government officials. He wanted a position as chief engineer of one of the Government transports. It happened that he did not know anything about steam but he thought he could easily set subordinates to do the work for him. As Luck favored him, he eventually got the coveted place and donned nice uniforms and strutted about, ordering his subordinates to do this and that thing. One day a gentleman, in company with several ladies, paid the engineer a call aboard his boat. He proudly showed them all over. In the course of the conversation, the gentleman asked for the horse power of the engines. Thereupon the fake engineer retorted that if they wanted to see boats run by horse power, they might see them at the yonder canal, but that his boat was run by steam power.

Our gentle readers who have followed me thus far, now know more about steam than that engineer who did not even know what horse power meant. So you can well afford to laugh at him, as the party who visited him did, in their sleeves of course. But as I am digressing, I will now return to my topic. Think of it, ye who try to make three tons of coal last a whole winter. It takes several hundred tons of coal per day to feed the capacious furnaces under the boilers of these ocean greyhounds and battle-ships and cruisers. See what a tremendous power there is locked up in steam.

In our next chapter I hope to describe steam machinery with illustrations.

I should say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.—*Carlyle*.

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased. To be amiable is to be satisfied with one's self and other.—*Sydney Smith*.

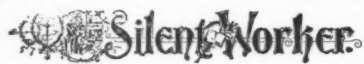
We become men after we have ascertained that for suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing.—*Carlyle*.

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DECEMBER, 1896.

THE SILENT WORKER wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas. It hopes that, not only in its December issue but all the year round, its practice agrees with the Christmas sentiment, "On earth peace, good-will to men." Not only as to our national relations with other countries, but in our own intercourse with our "esteemed contemporaries," and with our deaf friends as well as with those engaged in teaching the deaf, we have tried to show the good-will which we sincerely feel. Without setting up as a preacher of righteousness, may we venture to recommend to others a similar course?

The observance of Christmas as a religious festival and as the great day for the children has good reason as well as good feeling on its side, and is not likely ever to be neglected. But, as an occasion for the universal giving of presents, it has become an abuse, not to say a nuisance. This custom has been happily defined as "swapping a lots of things that you can't afford, for a lot of other things that you don't want." It is responsible for a great deal in vulgarizing the general taste, as well as for wasting millions on millions of money that might otherwise keep in comfort the victims of the habit.

For no one, surely, would ever dream of buying the tons of trash of all sorts that make up the bulk of "holiday goods," but for this noxious habit, and the money frittered away on impossible shaving-sets and lambrequins and the like might go, if not for bread and butter, then for an etching or an oriental rug or a shelf of books or something that would add comfort or beauty or dignity to the home.

If the observance of the day could be limited to the church service, a good dinner and the giving of toys and books to the children, it would be a great reform.

THE next number of the SILENT WORKER will contain the first installment of "Jerry and Clarinda," a story of two deaf-mutes, by Professor William H. Bishop of Yale University.

This story, which first appeared in *Harper's Weekly* about ten years ago, and with others, was afterwards issued in a book form under the title, "A Brown-stone Boy, and Other Queer People," is in our judgment decidedly the cleverest and most lifelike of all the numerous sketches of deaf-mutes which have ever appeared.

Perhaps this is putting it strongly, since among the authors who have introduced deaf-mutes into their stories are Scott, Dickens and Wilkie Collins.

These writers, however, seem to have had no special knowledge of the deaf, and probably got their idea of the subject as the German philosopher got his idea of the camel, of which he had written a minute account: "I evolved it from my own inner consciousness."

Mr. Bishop was for several years a teacher in the New York Institution for the Deaf, and he evidently used his opportunities to study not only the freaks in the use of English which he found in the writings of the pupils, but also the ways of thinking, the feelings and the habits which characterized them, as a result, partly of the limitations caused by their deafness and partly by institution life.

When it first appeared, this story was sharply criticised by some of the deaf, because it shows the deaf boy and girl using just such quaint expressions as we teachers of the deaf are familiar with in our pupils' efforts at composition, instead of having them write in faultless sentences. Nothing could be more unjust than to consider this story as showing an unfriendly or contemptuous feeling toward the deaf. We laugh over Jerry's syntax just as we do at Little Lord Fauntleroy's spelling, feeling, with the fellow quoted by Sam Weller, "Arter all, it's an am'able weakness."

"J. Medford" is a fine manly fellow, far and away the best one in his family, affectionate, courteous and brave. As for Clarinda, she is a perfect darling with her housewifely skill, her prim, maidenly notions as to what is proper "about love and matrimony," and her naive womanly surrender at last to a natural and worthy love.

Every issue of the SILENT WORKER contains specimens of what the educated deaf can do in the use of English, and we shall not be accused, we think, of depreciating their attainments by showing what difficulties they have had to overcome.

We are under obligations to Prof. Bishop for permission to reprint the

story, and to Mr. LeClercq for the original illustrations which will go with it.

ONE of the best boys' books that has been published lately, is "Hero Tales for Young Americans," by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt is himself "a fighter from Fightsville," and is always cheerfully at the command of any antagonist. Grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains, desperadoes on the plains, saloon-keepers in New York—he attends to them all with neatness and despatch—"one down t'other come on."

Of course such a fighter is a capital judge of good fighting in others, and he has made, probably, the best book of warlike adventure extant. Fighting in itself is not very good business, but like every thing else, it has its time, and a boy or a man or a nation that can't or won't fight when the time for it comes, is of small account. It is well for any boy to know that in the history of his own country he can find plenty of examples of heroism, which can not be surpassed by anything in ancient or modern times.

The best of the book is that it is not mere blood and slaughter, not a mere rendering of the butcher's bill of glory; the daring deeds narrated are held up for honor because they were done from lofty motives. We know of nothing more noble among all recorded human utterances than the sentiment of the gallant Colonel Charles Russell Lowell; the wish that, in war while war should last, but much rather in peace, he might, whether in higher or lower place, fill the part simply of a "useful citizen." Yet this was the dashing cavalry officer,

"who, deadly hurt, again  
Flashed out before the charge's thunder,  
Tipping with fire the bolt of men,  
That rived the rebel lines asunder."

We are glad, too, that the author has given some examples of civil courage, notably the long struggle in the hall of Congress by John Quincy Adams for the right of petition.

The famous charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg finds a place, and we think it would have been well if more of those examples of splendid courage of which the history of the Confederate army is full had been given. These examples belong now to the whole American people. The book is one that ought to be in every library for boys' reading.

EXCEPTION has been taken by members of the Union League Club and the Lexington Athletic Club, to statements in our New York letter of last month as to the condition and relations of those associations. The information on which those statements were based was obtained from what was thought a reliable source, but we are glad to promise our readers for next month a full and interesting ac-

count of the history and present condition of these societies, written by a prominent member of the older organization. It will be one of the best written and best illustrated of our series of such papers, and will prove, we think, a strong attraction, besides coming from one who speaks with authority on his subject.

By an oversight, we failed, last month, to make acknowledgment of the loan by Dr. E. H. Jenkins, Chemist in charge Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, of the cuts of grasses, in that number. The unusual grace of the engravings is due to their being made after drawings from nature by Mrs. E. H. Jenkins, who is an artist of no common skill in such subjects.

THANKS are due to Messrs. E. and H. T. Anthony & Co. for the fine engravings of the U. S. S. Chicago and of the corn-field in autumn, which grace this issue of our paper. The monthly "*Bulletin*," published by this firm, contains the very finest specimens of half-tone and of color printing that can be found—unless we except those printed in their Year Book. These publications are indispensable to the progressive photographer and are of interest to any intelligent person.

SOME years ago when Dr. E. H. Jenkins, a brother of Principal Jenkins, was in Leipzig studying at the University, he visited the school for the deaf in that town. Among other things relating to the education of the deaf, he spoke of Laura Bridgeman: "O! that," said the superintendent, "is one of your American 'swindles,'" using the English word. We wonder how he would take the story of Helen Keller.

BICYCLE riders and others can not be too often reminded of the rule of the road: "Turn to the right in meeting, to the left in passing."

The writer of this was lately mixed up in a collision which was caused by a small boy's acting in disregard of this rule. He was drawing a stout home-made cart and when the rider approaching, rang his bell, the youngster turned to the left.

As the bicycle, properly, turned to the right, it struck the cart with the momentum of a ten-mile gait, and all the persons, and vehicles, concerned took a spill. If the wheel, which carried a 170 pound rider, had been a less strongly built machine than the Newport, it would have been smashed. Luckily, it was not hurt in the least and perhaps it communicated some of its own toughness to its rider; for nothing more serious than the scraping off of some of his skin resulted from his fall on the hard macadam.

Riders will do well to observe this



rule also on crowded roads. When you want to go slow or to dismount, keep in close to the curb.

If you are overtaking another cyclist, sound your bell so that he may keep out of your way. If you hear a bell behind you, you will understand that some one means to pass you on the left. If you see a rider "wobbling" keep as far away from him as you can.

THE following correspondence will explain itself, as the newspapers say at the same time, a little more explanation may be useful.

Mr. Jack Pulsifer is a college athletic, with shoulders like a Saratoga trunk, sole-leather lungs and legs like a section from the shaft of an ocean steamer. The Bragg Manufacturing Co., make a fine and strong bicycle, but they make a much finer and stronger advertisement of it. To read their description, you would never suspect that "there are others."

NEW BOSGO, April 25, 1896.

J. H. PULSIFER, Esq.,  
TRENTON, N. J.

DEAR SIR:—We make take pleasure in sending you this day by Enoch's Express one of our "Infrangible" bicycles, No. 733, 216, with our compliments.

Having heard of you as an expert wheelman and a hard rider, we are sure that our wheel will prove to be just what you want. We shall be obliged if you will write us after three months' use of the wheel, stating its condition and giving your opinion of its merits.

Yours truly,  
BRAGG M'F'G. Co.

TRENTON, N. J.

THE BRAGG M'F'G. Co., May 28, 1896.

DEAR SIR:—Yours kind favor of the 25th is at hand, and the bicycle referred to has just been delivered. I am pleased with its appearance, and shall take pleasure in testing it, as you desire. If it proves to be what I want, I shall be glad to recommend it. With thanks for your courtesy,

Very truly yours,  
J. H. PULSIFER.

The Inter-planetary Illuminating and Lubricating Company.

TRENTON, N. J. Sept. 1, 1896.

DEAR SIR:—I return to-day, carefully packed in cotton, your "Infrangible" bicycle 733, 216, with the following statement of condition, as requested, tabulated for convenience.

Front wheel:	Compound	comminuted
fracture of rim,	Seven(7) spokes broken.	
	Five(5) do thread	
Front forks:	Broken.	[stripped]
Crank:	Bent.	
Frame:	Buckled.	
Chain:	Stretched.	
Back wheel:	Dished.	

I take pleasure in giving my opinion of the wheel, as requested. I think it admirable for use in the show room. With slight alterations it would make a convenient clothes-rack. A careful rider, of light weight might use it for purposes of locomotion, on good roads. Very cordially yours,

J. H. PULSIFER.

NEW BOSGO, Sept. 2, 1896.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of 1st inst., at hand. May we rely on your kindness to keep the facts stated from becoming generally known?

Yours truly,  
THE BRAGG M'F'G. Co.

Mr. Pulsifer, who is as good-natured as he is big and strong, has carefully kept secret the real name of the Bragg

M'f'g. Co., and it is only by evolving the correspondence as above given from our inner consciousness that we have been able to get it. The facts, however, may be relied on as substantially accurate.

#### Extracts From the Daily Bulletin.

(A little paper printed for the pupils.)

Friday, Dec. 4.

Some of the big boys will have to have new gymnasium trousers, because they have outgrown their old ones. Willie Gallagher and Winders have grown very fast this year.

The boys and girls are very anxious to play basket-ball in the gymnasium. Yesterday Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Sharp were looking at the room and they think a place can be made for the game. If so, it will be great fun for the pupils.

Last evening several of the teachers and officers went to the Opera House to see a play called "Cleopatra." The leading actress in the play was Miss Fanny Davenport. She plays very well. Mrs. Lloyd and Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Swartz, Miss Conger and Mrs. Smith went to see the play.

Saturday, Dec. 5.

Yesterday a subscription was started for Mr. Banerji's school in India. Seven dollars and fifty cents was subscribed.

Miss Tilson means to begin teaching on Monday. Mr. Jenkins will form two new classes. The boys' reading room will be used for a school-room.

Yesterday Miss Kate Smyth got a letter from George Garrison. He said that his cousin was burned to death in the recent fire at Atlantic City. The Catholic church was burned and George's cousin was a fireman and he was working to put out the fire.

Yesterday Mr. Jenkins asked Miss Trask about the pupils playing basket-ball in the gymnasium. She said that there is another game very much like basket-ball which they could play. She will teach it to the girls.

Yesterday Mrs. Porter's pupils made some little paper lanterns. She asked them what lanterns were good for. They drew down the curtains and made believe it was dark and they lit the candles and pretended to look for things. Then Wesley Breece raised and lowered his lantern and waved it from side to side and swung it around his head as he had seen a man do on the railroad at home. He knows what the signals mean and he told the other children. They played that Eddie Daubner was a locomotive and Wesley made him stop and go ahead and back by signals with the lantern. They had great fun.

Monday, Dec. 7.

Mr. Lloyd lectured to the pupils yesterday morning. In the evening Mr. Jenkins talked to them about various things.

There are four girls in the hospital with the mumps. They all have the disease lightly, and are doing well, but they find it very dull up there.

The boys' reading-room will have to be used for a class-room. The large boys will continue to use it as a reading-room in the evening, but it will be kept locked when not in use.

The doctor has taken little Clarence Spencer's leg out of the box. The fracture has healed nicely. He has been very good and patient. It is four weeks since he broke his leg. As soon as he can be moved his mother will take him home until he is strong again.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.

All the pupils like the work in the gymnasium. It makes them strong and graceful. They learn to walk without dragging their feet.

Yesterday Miss Grace Redman came to this school, with her little brother who is six years old to visit her sister Ruth. In the afternoon they went up town to call on Miss Josie Hattersley. The little boy can hear but he does not talk. Perhaps the reason is that he is with deaf people all the time, as his mother and sisters are deaf-mutes.

Wednesday, Dec. 9.

A big box of kindergarten material came for Mrs. Porter yesterday. The little folks will be glad.

There is an article in the Alabama Messenger about Mrs. Porter with a portrait. It gives a very good account of her work.

Miss Stokes, who taught in this school last year, has been married. She is now Mrs. Lazarus. Mrs. Porter got a letter from her yesterday. Her home is in Paterson. We wish her a happy married life.

Dr. Ard, of Plainfield, came to the school yesterday afternoon. He is an oculist and he will examine the pupil's eyes to see if they need glasses. He went all over the school and was pleased with it. He is a very pleasant gentleman.

The gymnasium work is doing the boys a lot of good. They are growing broad shouldered and deep chested, and are getting strong. Dennis McGarry and Willie Gallagher are strapping big fellows, and of the smaller boys, Andrew Borsch and Willie Waterbury are fine athletes.

Thursday, Dec. 10.

Miriam Groff is learning to set type. Perhaps she will also learn to use the type-writer. Then she might learn to use a linotype machine.

Mrs. Porter is trying her pupils to see if any of them are color blind. She finds that Willie Waterbury can not tell a light shade from a dark shade of the same color.

Class VII. have lots of fun in Mrs. Porter's room with the paper railroad they have made. They also learn a good deal of language.

Some of the small boys are glad that there are so many bicycle riders here. They often get a job at cleaning one in their spare time and so earn a little spending money. Chas. Schliff can clean a wheel as well as an expert.

Clarence Spencer's mother went home yesterday afternoon. She will come back for Clarence as soon as his leg is well enough to bear moving. Clarence is a dear little fellow. He has been very patient and cheerful all the time he has been in the hospital.

The Board are very liberal to give all the pupils all they need in order to learn. Some of the boys in the wood-working shop were surprised to learn that their drawing-pens cost a dollar a piece. They will try to take good care of them.

Friday, Dec. 11.

The boys are to have a game of foot-ball this afternoon. They are excused from gymnasium in order to play.

The Chinese lily in the boy's play-room is doing nicely. It will probably bloom about Christmas.

Miss Dey has some corn and some beans and some nasturtiums growing in boxes in her school-room. The children are much interested in seeing them grow.

Yesterday Mr. Jenkins moved Miss Dey's class into the boys' reading-room. Miss Tilson has her old room. Mr. Hearnen got keys for the cupboard in Miss Dey's school-room.

The reception-room is being fitted up with green shades for the oculist to use when he comes next Tuesday to examine the children's eyes. Mrs. Myers got the lamp and reflector that are used in the chapel for him to use.

Yesterday a man called at the school with a metal brace for chairs. When it is put on a chair it makes it so strong that you can hardly break it. Mr. Hearnen ordered 200 of them to put on all the chairs in the house. He thinks it will save money in the long run.

Saturday, Dec. 12.

The second team expected to play a game with the Rogers club yesterday afternoon and they were excused from gymnasium for that purpose, but the opposing team did not show up. They sent word that they would come up on Monday afternoon and play.

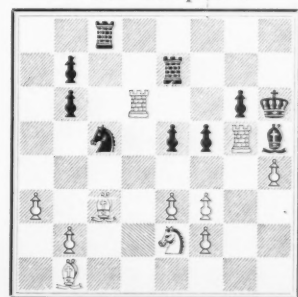
#### CHESS.

The subjoined game was played by correspondence between Mr. Lloyd, of this school and Dr. Sanderson, of Massillon, Ohio.

(Dr. S.)	(Mr. L.)
1 Kt-K B 3	P-Q 4
2 P-Q 4	Kt-K B 5
3 P-K 3	P-K 3
4 B-Q 3	B-Q 3
5 B-Q 2	P-B 4
6 P x P	B x P
7 Kt-K 5	P-Q R 3
8 B-B 3	Kt-Q 2
9 Q Kt-Q 2	Kt-x Kt
10 B x Kt	B-Q 3
11 B x Kt	Q x B
12 P-Q B 3	B-Q 2
13 P-K 4	B-B 3
14 Q-K 2	Q R-Q
15 Kt-K 3	B-B 2
16 Kt-Q 4	P x P
17 B x R P	B-Q 4
18 B-B 4	Castles
19 Kt-Kt 3	Q-Kt 3
20 Castles (K R)	Q-R 3
21 P-Kt 3	P-B 4
22 Q R-Q	P-B 5
23 B x B	P x B
24 Kt-Q 4	P-B 6
25 Q-Q 2	Q-R 6
Resigns	

Another game between the same players is now in progress. Below we give the positions after White's 39th move. Mr. L. plays white and Dr. S. black. Which will win?

Black—Ten pieces.



White—Eleven pieces.

## School - Room.

Conducted by R. B. Lloyd, A.B.

MRS. F. H. Porter, our Kindergarten teacher, has contributed a very interesting paper to our School-Room page this month. Her pupils are the youngest in the school and are very fond of their teacher, because they cannot help being fond of her. Such lessons amuse while they instruct. They encourage thought and the use of language, and so are unlike much kindergarten work which is a mere waste of time, especially with the deaf whose school life is limited to so short a period.

R. B. L.

### THE LANTERN.

(A Lesson for Children by Mrs. F. H. Porter.)

After each child had made a paper lantern they were taught the name and its use. They told of papa having one; of seeing conductors on the cars with them and how they swung them in the dark for signals. Different lights in different positions were spoken of and explained; they remember seeing them. Signal flags were also made and the children shown how they were used in the day time, also arm signs. Flagmen at rail-road crossings came up, the signals explained with the lantern and flags, the room being darkened when the lanterns were lit. A railroad crossing was then made with movable guard-gates, and flagman's house, railroad tracks and roadway, also cars and a horse and wagon—all the things were made of paper. After all these things were understood, an accident happened. The flagman fell asleep in the house and did not hear the cars coming. The gates were not lowered and the cars ran into a horse and wagon throwing all into a field. The horse was killed, the wagon demolished and the man's leg was broken. He was carried to a hospital made near the crossing. The policeman arrested the flagman and put him in jail. The flagman lost his place and a new man was selected. The children asked many questions regarding the man's injuries and what become of the flagman.

#### PUPIL'S SAYINGS.

Papa has a lantern at home.  
The conductors have lanterns.  
I saw them swing the lantern.  
The lantern had a green light.  
Mr. Jenkins has a lantern on his bicycle.  
The flagman has a lantern.  
The flagman lowers the gates.  
The horse and wagon stop.  
The cars go fast.  
The gates go up.  
The man drives over the tracks.  
The flagman fell asleep in the little house.  
He did not hear the cars.  
The cars ran very fast.  
The gates were not lowered.  
The cars ran over a horse and wagon.  
The horse was killed.  
The wagon was broken.  
The wagon was thrown into a field.  
The man was hurt.  
The man's leg was broken.  
The man was carried to a hospital.  
The man could not walk.  
The policeman arrested the flagman.  
The flagman was put in jail.

The Policeman did not excuse the flagman.  
The flagman lost his work.  
A new man is in the flag-house.  
The new man must be careful.  
He must not go to sleep.  
The man's broken leg got well.  
He was on a bed three weeks.  
The flagman was afraid.

### QUESTION PAPERS.

#### I.

1. Draw a picture of an island?
2. What is an island surrounded by?
3. Are all islands surrounded by water?
4. Have you ever seen an island?
5. What island is it?
6. Where is it?
7. Do people live on islands?
8. Can you tell me the name of an island on which people live?
9. Is Newfoundland an island?
- How do you know?
10. Is New Jersey an island?
- How do you know?
11. Are there any islands in the Delaware River near Trenton?
12. Name an island in the Pacific Ocean. In the Atlantic Ocean. In the Gulf of Mexico. In the Indian Ocean.
13. What do we get from the island of Java?

#### II.

1. What do Christians believe?
2. What do Mohammedians believe?
3. Where are the most Christians?
4. Where are the most Mohammedians?
5. Name the longest three rivers in the world?
6. Name three steamship lines between this country and Europe?
7. Which State is nearest the center of the United States?
8. Which State produces the most cotton?  
Sugar? Rice?
9. Name the two principal mountain systems of North America?

#### III.

1. Name three large islands.
2. Name the largest city of (1) England, (2) France, (3) Germany, (4) Canada.
3. Name the two largest branches of the Mississippi River.
4. Where does the Missouri rise?
5. What river connects Lake Ontario and Lake Erie?
6. Name the principal port of Mexico
7. Name the island upon which New York city is built.
8. What city is the greatest cotton market in the world?
9. Locate the following gulfs of Europe: Bothnia, Finland, Genoa, Lyons.
10. Where is Sebastopol and for what is it noted?

#### IV.

Fill each blank with one of the forms of *teach* or *learn*:

1. The boy——to swim.
2. The boy——his dog to swim.
3. Yesterday the teacher——us a new table.
4. He has——me many new pieces.
5. I have——my canary to perch on my finger.
6. You have——me a lesson,
7. His brother ——him to do the work.
8. We should try to——something every day.
9. Have you——my sister to work?
10. I shall ——her to work in a short time.
11. The dogs has ——to carry a basket.

#### V.

Fill each blank with a form of *lie* or *lay*:

1. Let the rug —— in front of the piano.
2. —— the book on the desk. Let it —— there.
3. It —— on the chair in the parlor.
4. Take off your shawl and —— it on the chair.
5. The boat —— on the bank of the river.
6. Your knife —— on the large dictionary.
7. Who —— it there.
8. I don't know. It has —— there all day.
9. I am so tired that I must —— down.
10. May Anna —— on the sofa?

### September Events.

(All interesting events of which the teacher can find a record are spoken of to the class on their anniversary and the pupils write about them.)

*September 1, 1870.*—The battle of Sedan was fought on this date. The Germans surrounded the city and shut up the French in it, and as they had no food, they were obliged to surrender. Sedan is in the northeastern part of France on the River Meuse.

*September 2, 1726.*—John Howard was born to-day one hundred and seventy years ago. He was a distinguished English philanthropist. He spent his money in helping the poor. He visited a great many prisons and caused many reforms to be made.

*September 6, 1757.*—Lafayette was born in Auvergne, France., September 6, 1757. He belonged to one of the noblest and richest families of France. He joined the army and became an officer before he was nineteen years old. He came to America in 1777 to help the Americans fight for liberty. He died in Paris in 1834.

*September 7, 1533.*—This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday. She was born in 1533. Her father was Henry VIII. and her mother, Anne Boleyn. She was twenty-five years old when she became queen. She was a Protestant and the Catholics were hostile to her. Mary Stuart was Queen of Scots. She was Elizabeth's cousin. The Protestants were much afraid of Mary because she was a strong Catholic. She was kept in prison for nearly nineteen years, and then beheaded. Philip of Spain sent a great fleet to invade England but his ships were destroyed, partly by storms and partly by the brave English sailors. Elizabeth was the greatest of queens. Her reign is famous for its statesmen, soldiers and scholars. She died in 1603.

Buffon was born September 7, 1707, in Burgundy. He was educated to be a lawyer but afterwards resolved to devote himself to the study of science. When thirty years old, he was made superintendent of the great botanical and zoological gardens of Paris. He wrote many books about animals. He was eighty-one years old when he died.

—O—

### EDUCATION UP TO DATE.

We teach the children Danish,  
Trigonometry and Spanish;  
Fill their heads with old-time notions,  
And the secrets of the oceans,  
And the cuneiform inscriptions  
From the land of the Egyptians:  
Learn the date of every battle,  
Know the habits of the cattle,  
Know the date of every crowning,  
Read the poetry of Browning,  
Make them show a preference  
For each musty branch of science;  
Tell the acreage of Sweden,  
And the serpent's wiles of Eden,  
And the other things we teach 'em  
Make a mountain so immense  
That we have no moment left  
To teach them common sense

—London Truth.



# The Deaf of New York

By Robert E. Maynard.

GALLAUDET Day has come and gone—gone, with only its memories to linger with us to add to those pleasant recollections that accumulate year after year. Its a glorious institution, and the 10th of December means more to the deaf-mute residents of the New World than any other festival or celebration that occurs the year around, for Gallaudet was their friend, their benefactor—the result of his work is apparent in every state in the Union, and a great and grand work it was.

Let us remember with gratitude the name of Gallaudet and his sons—all generous and chivalric men. See what they have accomplished in the education and uplifting of the deaf. They were tried and found steadfast friends to the cause. The spirit of the elder Gallaudet is also found in his sons, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, president of Gallaudet college.

As we look back to the origin of deaf-mute education, as we contemplate its trials and its triumphs, as we realize how completely the principles laid down by Gallaudet have met every opposition—how solemn should be the thought that to us, the deaf, is committed the task of shielding these principles from unworthy attacks, and of transmitting them unimpaired to those to come! It is committed to us to watch and care for because we are the living proofs of what the system of education founded by him can produce.

December, aside from Gallaudet Day, is quiet among the deaf of Gotham. True, we had the grand ball of the Lexington Athletic Association and the enjoyment that follows such affairs, but coming only six days later in the month, it was rather overshadowed by Gallaudet Day. Later on come the Christmas holidays and these include many sociables among the deaf that are more or less private. Christmas means a good deal to many. We love to make and receive little tokens of esteem and affection at this time of the year, and I trust the deaf of our cities and towns will take note of any of their brethren out of work and in need, to help make their Christmas as joyful as circumstances will permit. The necessities of life such as food, clothing, coal and wood or a neat little sum of money will prove blessings and bring manifold happiness into the sorrowful households, and it will well repay the cheerful giver. I hope the failing of the deaf is not the forgetting of their brothers in distress at this time of the year.

The Quad club will blow out the Old and ring in the New with their usual New Years' Stag on the evening of December 31st, and it is safe to say this will prove one of the most enjoyable affairs of the holidays. It is exclusive and for members of the club only.

From the book, "Our Father," written by Rev. Albert Stoltz, in Germany, in the language of that country, and translated in English by Rev. Dean Albert A. Lings, I glean the following: "The heathen does not know God; he is ignorant of the true re-

ligion; he knows nothing of the forgiveness of sins and of the eternal hereafter. The misinstructed deaf-mute also knows nothing of God, of his immortal soul, or that he must die. Is this ignorance in which the heathen and the man born deaf and dumb revels, or is it light and knowledge?"

If this is the best light in which the German deaf are pictured, it certainly cannot be knowledge on the part of the reverend author. The German deaf, like their American brothers, are God fearing, and they are no more backward than hearing people in religious matters. It only needs to look over the list of the deaf and hearing clergymen of all denominations administering to the spiritual needs of the deaf



ERNEST J. D. ABRAHAM,  
Editor of "The British Deaf Monthly."

to prove the error of the author's opinion. It is just the mingling with the deaf that enables men to correct their errors to retrieve their blunders and to arrive at something like wise judgment and correct conclusions in reward to them. I am sure the deaf as a class are sensitive enough in the feelings and have enough regard for their reputation, to correct such a misleading statement, and it is a pleasant duty to do it here.

A writer for a certain paper for the deaf attends a sociable affair given by a club of deaf-mutes on the strength of a slip of paste-board. It may or may not have been recognized at the door, but certainly it is not "extremely funny" to say in public print such uncharitable things as did appear in that paper. It is to the writers for the deaf press that we look to uphold the good name of our class in the public's eye.

Said a genial old man to his son,  
"My boy, when you make a bad pun,  
Just go out in the yard,  
And kick yourself, hard  
And I will begin when you've done!"

## "THE BRITISH DEAF-MUTE."

THIS excellent magazine comes to us this month in a new head dress with the word "Monthly" substituted for "Mute."

At the meeting of the Association of Teachers of the Deaf, held at Exeter Hall, July 4th last, it was unanimously agreed to make the *British Deaf-Mute* the official organ of the Association under the following conditions:

(1) That two co editors be accepted by the present proprietors of the paper.

(2) That the word "Mute" be omitted from its title.

This resulted in the appointment of Messrs. Bessant, of Manchester, and P. Dodds, of London. Messrs. Ernest J. D. Abraham and Joseph Hepworth are still identified with the paper as proprietors and editors.

Perhaps a little history in connection with the paper, would interest our numerous readers, which we extract from the *British Deaf Monthly* for October, the first number of

up, as Mr. Strathern and a few deaf and dumb gentlemen will continue it in a new form, and I hope all readers of the Old Magazine will also take the new one, and that it may give them great satisfaction.

"Mr. Strathern continued the magazine until June, 1883, when, through poverty of support, it was suspended. It was re-started by Mr. Paul in January, 1884, under the same title. In discontinuing the publication in April, 1885, Mr. Paul prints the whole of Mr. Abraham's prospectus of the *Deaf and Dumb World*, with the words: 'We regret that we are obliged, for obvious reasons, to give up the management of the Magazine. But we trust that generous support will be accorded to Mr. Abraham's undertaking, as announced below.' He also gave Mr. Abraham a list of subscribers, so that *The Deaf and Dumb World* was a continuation of the magazine, started by the Rev. Samuel Smith. Owing to heavy losses and ill health, Mr. Abraham discontinued *The Deaf and Dumb World* in 1887, and little or nothing was heard of him outside of Lancashire.

In the year 1889, Mr. C. Gorham, of Leeds, brought out *The Deaf and Dumb Times*. In 1891, through his failure, this paper was taken over by Messrs. Joseph Hepworth and H. Lund, and the title changed to *The Deaf Chronicle*. Meanwhile Mr. Abraham was making many friends in Manchester and the surrounding district, and was coming to the front as a journalist. Mr. Hepworth finding it up-hill work to keep *The Deaf Chronicle* going, applied to Mr. Abraham for help. They joined hands; and at the suggestion of Mr. Abraham, the title was changed to *The British Deaf-Mute*. Mr. Abraham took the editorial work, and Mr. Hepworth managed, and they edited and managed to such purpose, that inside a year *The British Deaf-Mute* became known the world over.

"Thus, we believe we have proved that *British Deaf-Mute* links together all the British publications for the Deaf, and with Mr. Abraham in the editorial chair, we feel we have every right to claim to be the direct descendant of the Rev. S. Smith's paper.

For the past two years this interesting magazine has been offered jointly with the *SILENT WORKER* (to new subscribers only) for the low price of seventy-five cents a year. This offer still holds good, and we know of no better way for those who wish to keep in touch with the Deaf of the entire world, than to take advantage of the low rates offered.

It might be mentioned, in passing, that Mr. Abraham, who has had so much to do with the success of the *British Deaf Monthly* is also Editor of *The Bolton Review*, a high-class illustrated monthly, for hearing people, which he says is a gigantic success. Among the staff of artists on this paper is Alexander McGregor, the deaf artist who is also the staff artist for *The British Deaf Monthly*.

To *The British Deaf-Mute* we are indebted for the loan of many cuts which have illustrated our pages; and we trust the most cordial relations will continue to exist between the *SILENT WORKER* and the *British Deaf Monthly*.

It is the lack of order that makes us slaves; the confusion of to-day discounts the freedom of to-morrow.

Confusion is the enemy of all comfort, and confusion is born of procrastination.—*Amiel's Journal*.

Vol. V. :-

"*The British Deaf Monthly*" is the direct successor to the late Rev. Samuel Smith's "*Deaf and Dumb Magazine*."

"The Rev. Samuel Smith had the distinction of being the first to start a magazine for the deaf of Great Britain and Ireland. At the beginning of 1873, he published a small semi-religious magazine for the deaf, quaintly entitled: *A Magazine intended chiefly for the Deaf and Dumb*.

"It may be remarked that the Rev. S. Smith from the first recognized the inability of the deaf to support a magazine of their own, so invoked the aid of hearing people, both as donors and subscribers."

"Mr. Smith's paper, in 1879, adopted the more handy title of *The Deaf and Dumb Magazine*. Owing to ill health and unsatisfactory support, the Rev. S. Smith severed his connection with it at the end of 1881; but, as he stated in his editorial valedictory, '*The Magazine* will not be given

## Our Deaf-Mute Societies

### No. I.

#### PAS-A-PAS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

GIBBON, in writing his history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, declared it was a personal affair. Similarly in presenting to the public the history of the Pas-a-Pas Club, we are obliged to call into account the personal efforts of the members, to omit which would be like

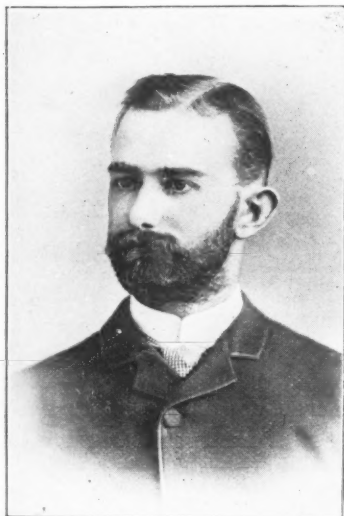
which is limited to men of good moral character, at each business meeting, and the actual active membership at present foots up to fifty-eight.

The first step to organization was made at a private picnic at Jackson Park in the summer of 1882, and a few days later seven young men met at the residence of Chester C. Codman, where

1890, pursuant to a general call, there was a mass meeting of deaf-mutes at St. James Church, presided over by O. H. Regensburg, and it was there deemed advisable to effect some sort of an organization that could receive the visitors to the city during the World's Fair in 1893, and the delegates to the great National Convention of Deaf-Mutes in that year. There was a minor society in the city, and a compromise was effected with the lesser rival to call the new organization the "Pas-a-Pas Union." The name, however, failed to prove a drawing card, and was subsequently changed to the

vices of prominent persons have been secured, and the monthly lectures and addresses given are well appreciated by the members and their friends. The principle of the old land syndicate still exists in the Lakeside Land Association. This Association, which, in reality, is an offshoot of the club has invested considerable money in lots and shares in real estate.

[The foregoing was taken from a souvenir journal issued by the club in 1892. The following is an outline of its progress since then, for which the writer is indebted in part to the col-



COLLINS C. COLBY,  
President, Pas-a-Pas Club.



JAMES E. GALLAHER,  
Corresponding Secy., Pas-a-Pas Club.



CHESTER C. CODMAN,  
Recording Secy., Pas-a-Pas Club.



BENJAMIN F. FRANK,  
Treasures, Pas-a-Pas Club.



JOHN R. COTTON,  
First Vice-Pres., Pas-a-Pas Club.



WALTER ARNOLD,  
Second Vice-Pres., Pas-a-Pas Club.



FREDERICK C. HARTUNG,  
Librarian, Pas-a-Pas Club.



WILLIAM J. LA MOTTE,  
Sergeant-at-Arms, Pas-a-Pas Club.

rendering Hamlet without Hamlet in it.

It is comparatively an easy task for a few men to meet and decide upon a plan of organization, but to live through the trials and tribulations and obstacles which attend the formation, is altogether a different thing for the club. Deaf-mute organizations have sprung up like grasshoppers all over the country, but many were consigned to an early grave. The Pas-a-Pas Club went through years of laborious toil, trials and crises innumerable, that more than once came near placing it in the category of deceased clubs, but to-day it appears as the grandest, the largest, and the most liberal club in the whole country. The club, since its reorganization in the fall of 1890, has had an average of four applications for membership,

a permanent organization was formed, and E. D. Kingon elected president. A suggestive name, offered by Harry Reed, of Wisconsin, then visiting the city, was adopted, and the club was appropriately named the Pas-a-Pas Club, meaning step by step. Ever since then a new era began for deaf of Chicago. Social and literary meetings were held, and balls were regularly given. For a time its growth was remarkable, but it had no settled hall of its own, and as some members objected to paying for not getting what they termed "their money's worth," it was apparent a hard time must be experienced. But through the indefatigable efforts of its founder, C. C. Codman, then president, the club was kept alive, and, later, in 1888, its social and literary object changed into that of a land association. In the fall of

old name. Immediately following its reorganization, the club leased for a term of three years as temporary headquarters, the entire fifth floor of the building on the southeast corner of Clark and Randolph streets. Over three hundred dollars were expended in improvements. At the north end of the auditorium was a large stage, well lighted, and the club gave lectures, debates, and dramatic entertainments.

Among the most remarkable social successes of the club was the opening ball, held at Grand Palace Hotel, February 14, 1891, and the attendance was estimated at 400. It netted a very handsome sum. President Gallaudet of the National Deaf-Mute College, opened the lecture program of the club, April 18, 1891, and a reception was tendered him. Since then, the ser-

umns of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.]

In the Spring of 1895, the quarters of the club mentioned above were found inadequate for its growing needs, and the present commodious quarters, at 82 East Lake street, were leased. Here, as at the old home, the floor was found to be capable of improvement, and the treasury of the club was drawn upon for about \$350, which was expended in improvements. The new home of the club is, in size, about twice as large as the old rooms in Clark street.

Every convenience is at hand—toilet rooms, cloak rooms, for both the members and their lady friends, a parlor for the ladies and a smoking room for the sterner sex, a kitchen and store room, are the minor rooms. The main hall will seat about 300, or



so, people—at a pinch it might hold 450 or 500. The large stage, its complete set of scenery, drop curtains, etc., at the end of the hall, is something the club especially prides itself upon, there being no other club in the country which has this adjunct to its quarters. The rooms of the club are accessible to members at all times each member having a key, and they are made good use of, too. The annual balls and picnics given by the club are looked forward to by Chicago's entire deaf population and add quite a little to the club's exchequer, as well as to the social enjoyment of its

In addition to its active membership, the club has two honorary members and fourteen non-resident members.

The stand taken by the club on educational matters as connected with the local schools for the deaf, and the favorable results, are too recent to need repetition here; as its name (and motto) "Step by Step" (Pas-a-Pas) indicates, it, like "John Brown's body," still goes marching on, and, as yet, no *faux pas* (false step) has been charged to its account.

Deaf-mutes, of whatever nationality or creed, are welcome to its ranks, provided, always, a good moral character is possessed by the applicant, and its benefits and the enjoyment its membership brings, more than compensate for the slight cost necessary—an initiation fee of \$2 and monthly dues 50 cents.

A few words as to the men at the helm of the club for the coming year (1897) would not come amiss.

Its president, Collins C. Colby, has been identified with its growth and advancement for years. A graduate of the Michigan school and a compositor by trade, Mr. Colby possesses quite a share of the recognized attributes of his native state and vocation—energetic progressiveness and a large fund of information on subjects of general interest. Mr. Colby is married and has two children. He is in the employ of the *Legal News*, having been with that paper for years.

John R. Cotton, the 1st Vice-President, is, so to speak, the "dean" of the club, he being one of the pioneer deaf residents of Chicago, having seventy mile stones on Life's pathway to his credit. A carpenter by trade and possessing a wife, almost his own age, and a family of grown-up children, and having a host of friends Mr. Cotton deserves all the good words the writer can say of him—and more, too.

Second Vice-Pres. Walter Arnold is one of the quiet men of the club. While he has been a member since its inception he has not, until now, ever held office. This is due more to his own modesty than to any fault of his fellow members. He is married, is a printer by trade and a graduate of the Illinois School.

The Corresponding Secretary, James E. Gallaher, is too well and favorably known to the deaf of this country to demand much of an introduction to the WORKER's readers. As President of the Illinois Alumni Association; a teacher in the Chicago Day Schools for the Deaf; a writer of no mean reputation, Mr. Gallaher is a man of mark among us.

Chester C. Codman, the Recording Secretary, is one of the founders and mainstays of the club. He has twice held the highest office in gift of the club—that of President—and where there is anything going on that the deaf of this city are to benefit by, either in or out of club circles, he is usually to be found in the vanguard. An excellent speaker possessing an unequalled sign-delivery; jolly; a believer in sport, Mr. Codman is deservedly popular with all. He is a machinist by trade, one of the old employes of the Crane Co., of Chicago, is married and owns allegiance to the Illinois school as his *alma mater*.

Ben F. Frank, the guardian of the club's exchequer, is, to all appearances the youngest member of the club; but appearances are deceptive in his case. This year will mark the second term Mr. Frank has served as Treasurer and it is whispered that still higher offices are awaiting him at some future time. He is a graduate of the Lexington Ave., School of New York city, and holds a lucrative position as invoice clerk in a local wholesale drug house, being a bookkeeper by profession. He is a leading member of the Bachelor's Club.

Frederick Hartung, the Librarian of the club, is now serving his first "trick at the wheel" of the club. Educated at the Illinois school, an enthusiast in base and foot-ball and kindred sports, another of the Bachelors; Mr. Hartung is a prime favorite with the younger members and the older ones as well. He is a wood carver by trade.

The Sergeant-at-Arms, William J. La Motte, is one of the younger additions to the roster, but he has already made a reputation for himself as a "recruiting officer," the majority of the latest applications for membership being secured by him. He was

educated at the Illinois State and the Chicago Day schools; is unmarried and a machinist by trade.

The Trustees of the club are Phillip J. Hasenstab and Oscar H. Regensburg. Mr. Hasenstab's reputation and work as a pastor of the M. E. Mission of the Deaf speaks for itself and the writer feels any further introduction of him is needless. Mr. Regensburg, as at one time, publisher of the *Exponent* and also a contributor to the deaf press, is, perhaps, known to the majority of the readers of the WORKER. He is a member of the firm of Regensburg & Seckbach, printers and lithographers. Mr. Hasenstab is a graduate of the Indiana school, Mr. Regensburg, of the Illinois and both have B.A. diplomas from Gallaudet college.

#### THE PAS-A-PAS WHEELMEN.

It would not do to write of the Pas-a-Pas Club to any length without some mention of its auxiliary organization, the Pas-a-Pas Wheelmen. The engraving accompanying presents them in a group as they were starting from Washington Park on one of their club "runs." They are not in full force, but still they hold the palm for being the only organization of the kind in the West, if not in the country.

Beginning at the head of the line the members may be named in order as follows: Sweeney (Capt.), Schuttler, Kaufman, Liebenstein, Regensburg, Jacoby, Carrol, La Motte, Stephens, Rosback, Kalek, Brimble, Olson, Codman, Hartung.

Walter Rosback, who gained such an enviable reputation as a speedy rider in winning second place in the great Chicago road race two years ago, is a member of the Wheelmen and is in this group.

The Wheelmen are officered as follows: C. C. Codman, President; O. H. Regensburg, Secretary; Fred Kaufman, Treasurer; J. F. Sweeney, Captain.

—E. W. Shaw, a graduate of the Hartford School, has a good paying position with an electric company in Boston, Mass. He gets up every morning at five o'clock to work an hour with his electrical appliances and apparatus. He is trying to invent an electric clock by which the deaf can be wakened at any hour.



OSCAR H. REGENSBURG.  
Trustee (Two Years), Pas-a-Pas Club.

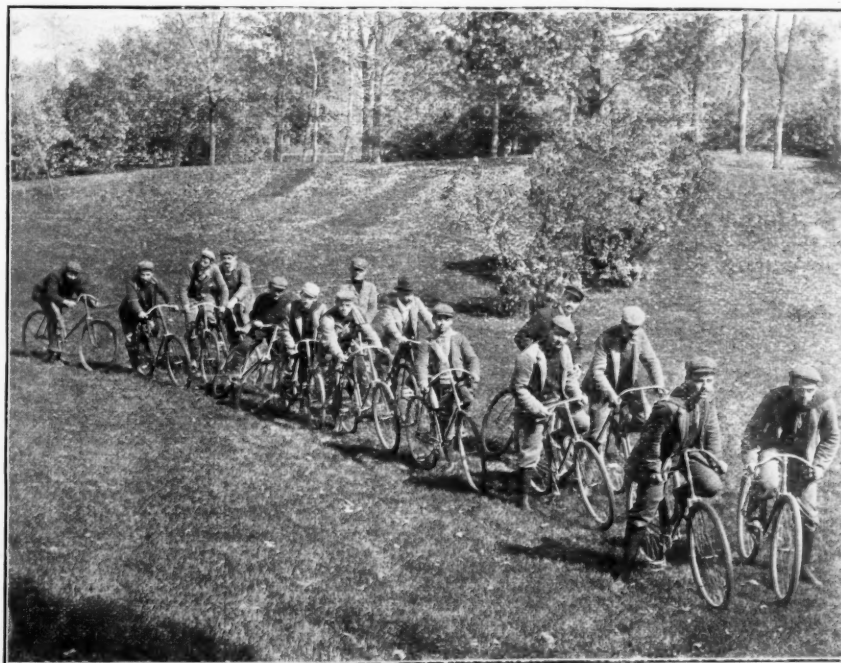


PHILIP J. HASENSTAB.  
Trustee (One Year), Pas-a-Pas Club.

members and their friends.

The part played by the club in the World's Congress of the Deaf, at Chicago in 1893, as host, is still fresh in the minds of those who attended the Congress, and the National Association Convention during the same week. To the club belongs the credit of making the Congress a possibility as well as a fact, it having guaranteed the expenses of the Congress and its attendant minor entertainments. The reception, raucher (smoker), picnic, banquet and lecture during Congress week, demonstrated the ability of the club in the line of entertaining, and remain in the memory of every one as *affaires par excellence* for the future members of the Pas-a-Pas to endeavor to emulate.

It was due to the club, or more strictly speaking to its members.



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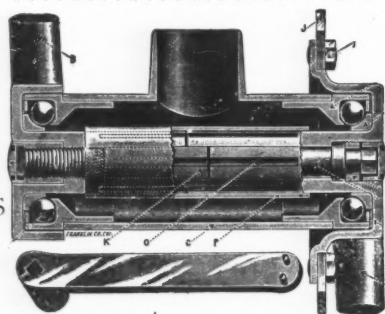


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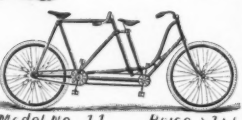


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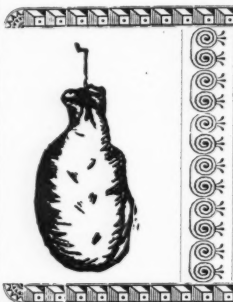
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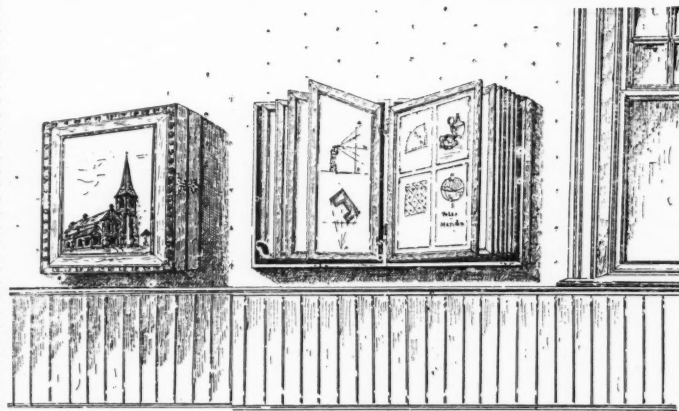
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ATTENDING PHYSICIAN,  
WILLIAM S. LALOR, M.D.

NURSE,  
MRS. ELIZABETH V. SMITH.

RECEIVER,  
MISS CARRIE S. CONGER.

### Teachers of Academic Department.

ROWLAND B. LLOYD, A.B.  
MISS VIRGINIA H. BUNTING.  
MRS. ROSA KEELER.  
MISS MARY D. TILSON.  
MISS M. OAKLEY BOCKEE.  
MISS HELEN C. VAIL.  
MISS ACNES MARCH.  
MISS H. MAUDE DELICKER.

### Industrial Department.

MRS. FRANCES H. PORTER, . . . Drawing  
GEORGE S. PORTER, . . . . . Printing  
LOUIS R. ABBOTT, . . . . . Wood-working  
WALTER WHALEN, . . . . . Shoemaking  
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must be a resident of the State, not less  
than eight nor more than twenty-one years  
of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical  
health and intellectual capacity to profit by  
the instruction afforded. The person mak-  
ing application for the admission of a child  
as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form,  
furnished for the purpose, giving necessary  
information in regard to the case. The  
application must be accompanied by a cer-  
tificate from a county judge or county  
clerk of the county, or the chosen free-  
holder or township clerk of the township,  
or the mayor of the city, where the appli-  
cant resides, also a certificate from two  
freeholders of the county. These cer-  
tificates are printed on the same sheet  
with the forms of application, and are  
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